corruption, and bloodiness, and all evil." I do not belong here. I cannot become a child again and be born anew in this house. It would welcome me again as a guest, but I do not want that and I never can become an heir. Not now in all the world shall I ever lift the veil or learn the secret I came thus far to seek. Oh the folly, the madness of it! Here is peace; here is beauty as a golden ladder up to the far and unknown heaven of our hope; here is simple, quiet living, boundless wealth, a sure reward. In a thousand islands it is here, and Tahiti keeps the door. But I go. I must have people and self-complacent civilisation and— and London, I suppose. I have thought the baubles real too long ever to escape the fetters of their glittering delusion. But when my last sun sets behind Moorea in crimson and gold, or in a fairy loveliness of pale green and olive and yellow, I shall know beyond dispute that a

chapter of my life is closed, and I shall feel more than a little nearer to inevitable death.

Punaauia, July 15,1923.